NON
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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

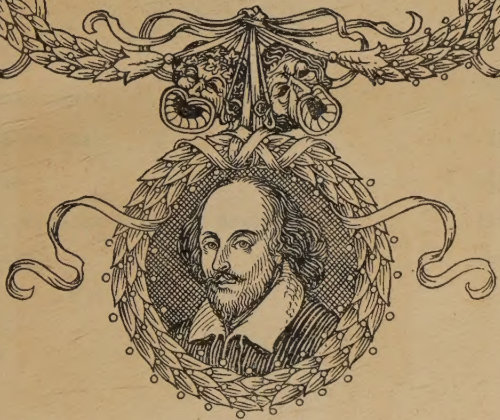
KING HENRY THE SIXTH—PART II.

C. GREEN. PINXT

Penance of The Duchess of Gloucester

SHAKESPEARE

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI



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INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MUNRO

KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART II.—The second part of *Henry VI.*, as we now have it, is a revision of *The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, printed by Thomas Creed for Thomas Millington in 1594, and again by Valentine Sims in 1600. The authorship of *The Contention* is a matter of some conjecture (but see notice of Miss Jane Lee's papers, p. 18 below), but it is generally held that Greene had some part in it—a fact which helps to explain his indignant denunciation of Shakspere as "an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers," after the latter had helpt considerably in its lengthening and revision. The hand of Marlowe, besides that of Shakspere, has been distinguisht in the revision as it now stands, and as Sidney Lee suggests in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 55, it is probable that Marlowe began the final revision, but that his task was interrupted by his death, and that the greater part of the work fell to his younger collaborator. For those passages assignd by Miss Jane Lee to Marlowe the reader should see pp. 18, 19 N.; below.

The general result of the revision made is to lengthen old speeches in order to develop characters and to heighten contrasts. The character of the king, particularly, has gaind in the process, while all the other persons represented are indued with more life and individuality. One may see here the early study for that remarkable array of greatly diversified characters who render *Henry IV.* the greatest of Shakspere's historical plays. The revision of *The Contention* brings more into prominence, in connexion with the careers of Suffolk and the king, the action of Nemesis, so conspicuous in some of the later plays of Shakspere. Besides the lengthening and filling-out of speeches, new ones are added in order to serve the purposes above-mentiond, to create new situations, or to enhance the old ones. The characters of Cade and his associates seem to be overdrawn.

History is not closely followd in 2 *Henry VI.* The play opens in 1445 when Henry, then twenty-three years of age, married Margaret, daughter of René (Reignier) of Anjou, and niece of the French king. The marriage was exceedingly unpopular. Margaret speedily acquired absolute authority over her weak and wavering husband, by reason of her strong character and her impetuosity. Her favoritism of Suffolk renderd that noble discredited when affairs went wrong. Suffolk's party, however, decided to remove from opposition Humphry, Duke of Gloster; they arrested him in 1447 at the parliament of Bury St. Edmunds, on a charge of high treason. There is good evidence that Gloster's health was, so early as

1424,[1] in a bad condition, and his death in the palace five days after his arrest may have been due to natural causes and not to the machinations of Suffolk and Beaufort. The wars in France, meanwhile, had been disastrous to the English, Calais alone remaining in their possession. England was in a terrible condition, draind of men and of money by the wars, and in conflict thru the perpetual quarrels of the nobles. Risings occurrd in different places, culminating in the rebellion of the Kentishmen under Cade, who claimd relationship with the house of York. It was the population of London who were really responsible for the rebellion's suppression, the ragged army of bitter rebels under their Irish leader proving strong enough to overcome and disperse the forces sent out to defeat them. Cade's army was scatterd; but Cade himself disappeard into Kent, where he was pursued and captured by Iden, the sheriff. He was executed, and his head was exhibited on London Bridge.

If the play does not, in these and other particulars, give an exact historical narrative of events, it presents a fine picture of the condition of affairs in England, and accurately shows the causes of the country's afflictions. The immediate causes were the conduct of the wars and treaties with France, and the selfish quarrelling among the nobles. These disputes are responsible for the losses in France; but behind them,

[1] See the account of his condition by his physician, Dr. Gilbert Kymer, described in Dr. Furnivall's *Meals and Manners*, p. lxxxii., *seq.* Those who wish to compare the historic Gloster with the dramatic character, and contrast the reports of his wife's relations with the witch of Eye, &c., with the play's version, cannot do better than consult Dr. Pauli's chapter on 'Duke Humphrey of Gloucester,' in his *Pictures of Old England*, pp. 310-338.—M.

and explanatory of them both, is the weakness of the king. Henry was not merely a weak man; for a period of his life he was an imbecile; and it was during this period that his son Edward was born, and that York was made Protector. Of Henry's weakness the play makes frequent representation. He seldom makes a judgment of his own, and cannot abide by his own decisions. He is swayd this way and that by his courtiers and nobles, and finds relief in his troubles in a flow of empty, sounding rhetoric, in idle sentiment and useless reflexion. He, like Hamlet, unpacks his heart with words, and is incapable of action; but Hamlet has resolution, where Henry has none, and is paralysed by philosophical doubt and world-weariness, where he is too weak even to doubt. He is credulous and pious; Gloster could unmask the impostor; Henry would have accepted him. The strong religious feeling of his father has degenerated, thru the transmitted insanity of his French grandfather, to a weak, helpless, imbecile piety which explains his whole character. He was not wicked himself—was incapable of so being, was not unjust; but he was unfit to hold kingship in a land situated as England was then, and environd as he was by so many contrary, crafty counsellors, each striving ambitiously for ascendency. His weakness, however, has its Nemesis. Submitting as he did to the barons' plot for the fall of Gloster, he allowd them to take from him the one force which might have held a party round him, the man who, according to the play, was truest and most loyal to him of all. His guilt in the case of Gloster

is made more manifest, in that he knew the virtue of the man he was injuring; and his lamentations at that noble's death are a remarkable revelation of the utter weakness of his character. His reign was a succession of most wretched misfortunes; his kingship was a temptation to the statesmen who were supposed to serve him and the country; and his removal from the throne on which he was unworthy to sit was a necessity for the welfare of England.

Suffolk was the most powerful of the lords. Historically his fall was greatly due to the loss of French provinces and the disorders at home, which were attributed to him; dramatically he was dismist and banisht in consequence of his murder of Gloster. At the very commencement of the action in 2 *Henry VI.*, Buckingham, Somerset and Winchester determine to combine with Suffolk to ruin Gloster, loved of the people and dangerous to their enterprises. Salisbury and Warwick side with Humphry against the power of Suffolk and the selfish ambition of Buckingham and Somerset. Here, then, are the two rival parties, one for the king, and one against him; the king's party, to be separated from him partly by the cunning of York and partly by his own weakness and incapability, the other to be scatterd thru their own selfish cunning and death. Suffolk and Winchester followd unceasingly their plot against Gloster. They both sought every opportunity to blacken his character and malign him. According to the play, however, his administration had been so pure that they were unable to bring any serious and truthful charge against him. And

yet, before the king, they accuse him of crimes against the clergy, the nobles and the commonwealth, and call upon him to resign his protectorship. The Queen, who would be rid of him, strikes his wife in the court before the nobility. It is in his wife that Gloster is really vulnerable. He is the king's uncle, son to Henry IV., and near the crown; and his wife Eleanor, who is remorselessly ambitious, according to her own words, urges him to reach for it. Gloster, however, is true to his king; but the duchess is not, and she is imposed on by John Hume, a renegade priest in the pay of Suffolk, who induces her to consult Margery Jourdain, the witch, and Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer. This she does. In this way she falls into the hands of York and Buckingham, who are parties to the plot. When Buckingham arrives to tell the king of his capture, Suffolk and Beaufort have been accusing the Protector of ambition to the crown and danger to the king. Gloster protests his innocence; Eleanor is banisht to the Isle of Man, and forced to perform three days' open penance in expiation. This is not enough. Henry calls on Humphry for the resignation of his office, and Humphry gives up his staff. Margaret is jubilant; Suffolk and his party have attaind their end. But they are not yet satisfied. At the parliament of Bury, Humphry's delay in coming is construed into offence, and all conspire to poison Henry against him. Faults and crimes are ascribed to him which he does not possess, and others, far greater, are hinted at, as hidden and unknown. In the midst of all this, Somerset arrives with news of the loss of

the French territories. On the arrival of Gloster, he is arrested by Suffolk for treason; he is falsely accused of crimes he never committed; and so bold are the barons, and so weak the king, that the duke is taken off to confinement in the palace. Gloster foresees what is coming; he is but the prolog to their play. He is killd by hired murderers. Beaufort and Suffolk are jointly responsible for his death; Beaufort and Suffolk pay dearly for it.

The murder of the Duke of Gloster is the turning-point of the play. Till then, York has seen fit to side with the duke's enemies, with Beaufort, Suffolk, Margaret and Buckingham, who seek his downfall. His removal, however, takes from Henry his most able and faithful supporter; and York, with the army given him to quieten Ireland, has then other policies to follow, to assert his claim to the throne, and raise the house of York over that of Lancaster. Somerset, Suffolk, Buckingham and Beaufort are then his enemies; and his policy is to clear them from his way. In this, fortune favours him. Beaufort speedily dies in agonies of remorse and fear of death. The turbulent Commons, who loved Humphry, clamor for vengeance on Suffolk, whom they rightly believe to be his murderer. To Salisbury, their spokesman, the king professes acquiescence, but mitigates his ambiguous sentence into one of perpetual banishment. Historically, Suffolk's enemies pursued him, boarded his vessel and executed him; dramatically, he is seizd by men who do not know him, and killd by one of them, Walter Whitmore, in revenge for the loss of an eye in the fight.

Two obstacles are thus removed from the path of York. His chance with Somerset speedily comes. The quarrel which had broken out in the Temple Gardens (1 *Henry VI.*, Act II., sc. iv.) had never been heald up. Somerset's administration in France has been fraught with disaster, and herein lies York's complaint against him; and the quarrel breaks out afresh. Affairs, meanwhile, have been going amiss in Ireland. The cardinal and Suffolk are anxious to send York there, in order to restore quiescence. This is York's opportunity. Now he is to mar or to make his fortune for ever. He wanted men, and they are given him. With Salisbury and Warwick, whom he has won to his party, he is now the most formidable force in England. In order, however, to gain further advantage, he has seduced Jack Cade of Ashford to raise commotion during his absence. If Cade succeeds, York may seize the fruits of his labors; if Cade is vanquisht, no great harm will have been done.

The revision of the play into its present form pays great tribute to the bravery and resource of Cade; but the further exposition of his character with all its grim humor, and the whole portrayal of his rebellion and his associates seems to be wantonly overdrawn. The play was evidently written by men who believd in absolute acquiescence in law and authority, and condemnd rebellion in any form, and for any cause.

York is not slow to avail himself of his chance. Old Clifford and Buckingham successfully disperse Cade's ragged army, not, however, before their progress has rousd the greatest alarm in the royal circle, and the

king has foolishly retreated to Killingworth, or Kenilworth. The consternation at the Kentish insurrection has not past, before news arrives of York marching on the king with his Irish army. York is master of the situation. He demands the suppression of Somerset; this would dispose of his old enemy, and still more weaken the king. Henry is once more weakly submissive; Somerset is imprisond, and York's immediate object is achievd. He professes to disband his army, and expresses his content. But Margaret, who appreciates the danger, perhaps, refuses obedience to York; Somerset attempts to arrest him; and it looks as if the royal house will triumph yet. York, however, has laid his plans too well. Edward, the future king, and Richard, the hunchback, his sons, are at hand with their forces; Salisbury and Warwick will stand by him. The two great parties are face to face and determind, the one to hold, the other to take away; and nothing but war can arbitrate between them.

The play, therefore, ends with the first battle of St. Albans, when the king's forces, poor in great soldiers compared with those of York, are put to flight by their enemies.

Dr. Furnivall concludes:—"The Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* are but recasts of two older plays, the *Contention*, publisht in 1594, and the *True Tragedy*, publisht in 1595.[1] A good discussion of the authorship of these plays is by my friend, Miss

[1] Mr. Hazlitt reprints both in his *Shakspere's Library*—a book indispensable to every real student of Shakspere—Part II. (*Cont.*) vol. i. pp. 379–520; *Tr. Trag.*, vol. ii. pp. 2–105. The text of the revised plays, 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, appeard for the first time in the Folio of 1623.—F.

Jane Lee, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1875–6, Part II., and never before was the question so ably and thoroughly handled. I incline to accept the conclusion of herself and some other critics that Shakspere took no part in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*, though it cannot be certain that he had no share in the original sketch of Jack Cade.[1]" "It is unquestionable, however, that Shakspere's hand is in the revised play. Duke Humphry's great speech in Part II. (Act I., sc. i., p. 26), 'Brave peers of England,' &c., King Henry's in Part III. (Act II., sc. v., pp. 73–5), the description of Duke Humphry's corpse in Part II. (Act III., sc. ii., pp. 107-8), can have been written by no other man. The powerful account of the cardinal's death has been assignd, with some probability, to Marlowe, with whose *Faustus's* carry-off scene it is well compared. But certainly parts of the revision were done by Marlowe,[2] or one of his school, and some parts, as I think, by Greene,

[1] Mr. Lee, in his *Life of William Shakespeare*, 1899, p. 54, says in regard to the earlier p'ays: "In both these plays Shakespeare's revising hand can be traced. The humours of Jack Cade in *The Contention* can owe their savour to him alone."

[2] Miss Lee assigns to Marlowe the following portions of the revised plays: see her answer to me in the Discussion on her *Henry VI.* paper in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1876, Part II. :—2 *Henry VI.*, II. iii. 1–58; III. i. 142–199, 282–330, 357–383; III. ii. 43–121 (with Shakspere); IV. i. 1–147, x. 18–90 (? IV. ix., Greene); V. i. 1–160, 175–195; ii. 10–11, 19–30 (?), 31–65. [I doubt, too, the following being Shakspere's:—I. i. 24–35, iv. 41–66; II. i. 1–113 (?); III. i. 200–281, 331–356; ii. 1–37, 43–121, 246–269, 339–366 (?); V. i. 161–174, ii. 72–90.] 3 *Henry VI.*, I. ii. 5–76; II. i. 81–6, 200–4; ii. 6, 53, 56, 79, 83, 143, 146–8; iii. 49–56; iv. 1–4, 12, 13; v. 114–120; vi. 31–6, 47–50, 58, 100–2; III. iii. 4–43, 47, 48, 67–77, 110–120, 134–7, 141–150, 156–161; 175–9, 191–201, 208–18, 221, 226, 233–8, 244–255 (?); IV. ii. 19–30; V. i. 12–16, 21, 22, 31–33, 39, 48–57, 62–66, 69–71, 78, 79, 87–97; iii. 1–24. [I doubt, too, the following being Shakspere's:—(?) I. i. 216–273, iv. 1–26 (?); II. i. 41–78, iii. 9–47; V. 58–113 (?), 123–139 (?).] Miss Lee's division of *The Contention and True Tragedie* between their several authors is in the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1876, too. In that I agree. On the points on which Miss Lee

or one of his school;[1] and if Marlowe and Greene were, with Peele, as I'm content to think they were, the authors of the earlier plays, I am not surprised to find their hands beside Shakspere's in the revised one. I believe that the revision of these plays is to some extent like the conversion of *A Shrew* into *The Shrew*, and that another adapter's hand than Shakspere's is to be largely recognised in them. He may have retoucht and strengthend them after Greene (died September 5, 1592) and Marlowe (stabd June 1,

differs from me, let the reader trust her and not me, till he has workt enough to form an opinion of his own. She has workt at the plays twenty times as much as I have, and has got a certainty about them that I can't pretend to have. The reader *must* start with the two old plays, and note how they each divide into at least two men's work, one choppy and stilted, the other with flowing line and poetic power. Then he can pass to the recast plays, and see how Shakspere has handled them.—F.

[1] For instance, I feel almost certain that neither Marlowe nor Shakspere alterd the following passage from *The Contention* into the parallel one from 2 *Henry VI.* below :—

1591. *Contention*, p. 49.

"*Suffolke.* This villain being **but** Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then **mightie Abradas,**
The great **Masadonian** Pyrate."
"Thy wordes **addes fury** and not remorse in me."

1623. 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 104–114 (p. 127).

"*Suf.* *O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder*
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges :
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine *heere,*
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the *strong Illyrian* Pyrate.
Drones suck not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues :
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words *moue Rage, and not Remorse* in me ;
I go of Message from the Queene to France :
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channell."

Greene, in his *Penelope's Web*, 1588, mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat," who "thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's *Shakspere*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 289. Bargulus—or Βαρδυλλις, as Plutarch writes it in the Life of Pyrrhus,—is mentiond by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro* (Halliwell).—F.

1593) had reworkt them. The humour of Cade is thoroughly Shaksperean, and may claim to stand alongside, though it is earlier in date than, that of Sly and Grumio."

In the dramatic action fourteen days are represented on the stage, with intervals, suggesting a period of two years at the outside (Daniel, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*; 1877–9, p. 314). Historically the time is much longer, stretching from the king's marriage in 1445, to the battle of St. Albans in 1455.

Many plants are mentiond in 2 *Henry VI.*, but the seasons of the play cannot be determind from them (Ellacombe, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 188–6, pp. 69, 70).

In this edition of 2 *Henry VI.* the Publishers have re-adopted the excellent device followd by Henry Morley of underlining all those lines which are not to be found in *The Contention* and which were added by Shakspere in his revision, and have indicated by footnotes a number of the variations of word and order from the old play.

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
LORD CLIFFORD,
YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his Son.*
} *Of the King's Party.*

EARL OF SALISBURY,
EARL OF WARWICK,
} *Of the York Faction.*

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his Brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.

VAUX. MATTHEW GOFFE.
JOHN HUME, *and* JOHN SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*
ROGER BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Albans.
SAUNDER SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
JACK CADE.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver,* MICHAEL, *&c., Cade's Followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE—In various parts of England.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other, Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others, following*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty[1]
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient[2] city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty[3] reverend bishops,
I have performed[4] my task, and was espoused:
And humbly now upon[5] my bended knee,[6]

[1] Majesty's command.
[2] ancient famous.
[3] then the.
[4] did perform.
[5] now most humbly on.
[6] knees.

In sight of England and her lordly[1] peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands,[2] that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.[3]

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than[4] this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,[5]
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,[6]
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,

[1] royal.
[2] Unto your gracious excellence.
[3] possessed.
[4] Welcome, Queen Margaret, to English Henry's Court.
The greatest shew of kindness yet we can bestow
Is——
[5] O, gracious God of Heaven.
[6] For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowed
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soul.

In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, and as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,[1]
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted[2] peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.[3]

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse[4] the

[1] Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
[2] confirmed of.
[3] Till term of eighteen months be full expired.
[4] wed and espouse.

Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.[1]—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine[2] shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

[*Duke* HUMPHREY *lets the paper fall.*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?[3]

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. "Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:

[1] ere the 30 of the next month.

[2] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the Duchies of Anjou and of Maine——

[3] How now, uncle, what's the matter that you stay so suddenly?
Humph. Pardon, my lord; a sudden qualm came over my heart,
Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload[1] his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,[2]
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?[3]
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,[4]
To keep by policy what Henry got?[5]
Have you, yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

[1] unfold. [2] toil himself.
[3] And waste his subjects for to conquer France.
[4] spend his time. [5] in awe that stout unruly realm.

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,[1]
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league;
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as all had never been![2]

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?

[1] And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?

[2] Ah, Lords, fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?[1]

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene in the old play.

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stayed in France, and starved in
France,
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.[1]

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,[2]
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;[3]

[1] Why how now, cousin Gloucester, what needs this?
As if our king were bound unto your will, &c.

[2] Nay, my lord, 't is not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I 'll begone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell, my lords, and say, &c.

[3] My lords, you know he 's my great enemy.

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,[1]
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

[1] For well you see, if he but walk the street,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, "Jesu bless your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

We 'll quickly hoise[1] Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.[2] [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes' in the land beside:
If Gloster be displaced, he 'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.[3]

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.[4]
While these do labour for[5] their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.[6]
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

[1] heave.
[2] But I will after him, and if I can,
I 'll lay a plot to heave him from his seat.
[3] Content. Come, then, let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.
[4] after. [5] seek . . . thus.
[6] My lords, let us seek for our country's good.

More like a soldier[1] than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,[2]
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee feared and honoured of the people.[3]—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause.

[1] ruffian.
[2] Hath won thee credit among the common sort.
[3] Hath won thee immortal praise in England.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargained for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House

Enter GLOSTER *and the* DUCHESS

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—

What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.[1]

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:[2]
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dreamed my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.[3]

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,

[1] What seest thou, Duke Humphrey? King Henry's crown?
Reach at it, and if thine arm be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it.

[2] My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart
To think of treason 'gainst my sovereign lord.
But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
And God I pray it do betide no ill.

[3] What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey, tell it me,
And I 'll interpret it, and when that 's done
I 'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.[1]
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:[2]
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned;
Where Henry, and Dame Margaret, kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtured Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

[1] Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester
And William, &c.

[2] But now, my lord, I 'll tell you what I dreamt.

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.[1]

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

[1] Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream,
But I'd have thee to think on no such things.

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.[1]
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone: here 's none but thee, and I.

Enter JOHN HUME

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty.

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiséd,—to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,

[1] But ere it be long, I 'll go before them all,
Despite of all who seek to cross me thus.
Who is within there?

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I 'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:
Marry, and shall.[1] But how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

[1] From this point underlining is used only to mark positive additions to the text or material changes in the course of the re-writing.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter PETER, *and others, with petitions*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let 's stand close: my lord Protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and Queen* MARGARET

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?[1]

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord Protector.

[1] *Queen.* Now, good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

Q. Mar. "To my lord Protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.[1]

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a

[1] Placed in the old play after the arrest of Peter.

pursuivant presently.—We 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.*

Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England ?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king ?
What ! shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance ?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke ?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion :
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads ;
His champions are the prophets and apostles ;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canónised saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demeaned himself in France,
Then let him be denayed the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.[1]

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be Protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,

[1] *Queen.* My lord, in mine opinion it were best
That Somerset be Regent over France.

And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees, he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hanged.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden

Enter Margery Jourdain, John Hume, John Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS *above*

Duch.[1] Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner, the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallowed verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

[1] 'Here, Sir John, take this scroll,' &c.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think, we watched you at an inch.
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapped up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—
[*Exit* DUCHESS *from above.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All, away! [*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watched her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?—
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attained,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—Saint Albans

Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Gloster, *Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Falconers hallooing*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yes, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord Protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I prythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blesséd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blesséd for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Glo. [*Aside to the Cardinal.*] 'Faith, holy uncle,
'would 't were come to that!

Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to* GLOSTER.] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advised?—the east side of the grove.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—[*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum—*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following*

Car. Here come the townsmen in procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by 's sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters ; bring him near the king :
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What ! hast thou been long blind, and now restored ?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this ?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born ?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being called
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle: and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A miracle!"*

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers;
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of YORK's Garden

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.[1]

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield;[2] and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;[3]
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;[4]

[1] My Lords, our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reveal unto your honours here
The right and title of the house of York
To England's Crown by lineal descent.

[2] 'The second was Edmund of Langley.'

[3] 'The fifth was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.'

[4] The telling of the claim of York is rearranged and improved.

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm ; deposed the rightful king ;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reigned.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ;
Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March ;
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not
your king,
Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be performed,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind
at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of
Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—London. A Hall of Justice

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, *and* Salisbury; *the Duchess of* Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—
[*To* Jourdain, *&c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiléd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judgéd thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS *and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloster.
Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off;
This staff of honour raught:—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right![1]

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

[1] Then call them forth that they may try their rights.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money

that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies

in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.[1]

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street

Enter GLOSTER *and Servants, in mourning cloaks*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

[1] *Peter.* O God, I give thee praise.

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviséd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will:
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er asked herein before? This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,
Because I wished this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady :
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell : thy office is discharged.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No ; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way : I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—The Abbey at Bury

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others*

K. Hen. I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,[1]
And passeth by with stiff unbowéd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

[1] And he will neither move nor speak to us.

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be feared they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
For he 's disposéd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispurséd to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;[1]
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggéd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirred up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
Myself had notice of your cónventicles;
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,

[1] Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice.

As if she had subornéd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drowned with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or feared thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimmed eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowéd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say—'Who 's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'[1]

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.[2]

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death.
'T is meet he be condemned by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;

[1] The original from which this speech has been developed is in three lines:—

Ay, Margaret. My heart is killed with grief,
Where I may sit, and sigh in endless moan,
For who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

[2] In mine opinion it were good he died,
For safety of our King and Commonwealth.

The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than distrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and were 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,
As Humphrey proved by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom. [1]

[1] In the old play, after the image of the Fox and Lamb, there is only this:

Car. Then let him die before the commons know,
For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employed;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stayed in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charáctered on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.
Suf. Let that be my Lord Cardinal's charge and mine.
Car. Agreed, for he's already kept within my house.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.[1]

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:

[1] This is in place of the Queen's.
"Suffolk, remember what you have to do.
And you, Lord Cardinal, concerning Duke Humphrey
'T were good that you did see to it in time.
Come, let us go, that it may be performed."

I fear me, you but warm the starvéd snake.
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.
'T was men I lacked, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine:
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,

Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And undiscovered come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, racked, and torturèd,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I moved him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace

Enter certain Murderers, hastily

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatched this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and others*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approved in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream tonight,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The* KING *swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceivéd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judged, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crowned with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statuë, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wracked upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cowered in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land. The sea received it,
And so I wished thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart:
And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishéd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witched like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Eleanor,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means. [1]

[1] These three opening lines are formed from the closing line of the speech which stands thus in the old play:—

My Lord, the Commons, like an angry hive of bees,
Run up and down, caring not whom they sting

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

For good Duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolk and the Cardinal here.

And with my finger, feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed; Warwick and others standing by it*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murdered here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.[1] Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's foes,

[1] *Queen.* Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they, I trust, sir, are no murtherers.

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort termed a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scouréd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal*, SOMERSET, *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passéd speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

Exeunt SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. *Re-enter* SALISBURY

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banishéd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.[1]
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;[2]
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.[3]
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkéd tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked;
Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

[1] That they will err from your highness' person.
[2] They say by him they fear the ruin of the realm.
[3] And therefore if you love your subjects' weal
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign!
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—[1]
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords, &c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow[2] go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

[1] If I say, I may relent; but if I swear, it is irrevocable.
[2] Hell-fire and vengeance——

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them!
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixéd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargéd gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banishéd myself;
And banishéd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishéd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overchargéd soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is appliéd to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, locked into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bedchamber

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, *and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's
treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible ![1]
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands up-
right,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingéd soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

[1] Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.[1]

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

1 —— doth gripe his heart.
2 Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performed.

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to* SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.[1]

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard.
[*To* SUFFOLK] And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

[1] This insertion replaces the single line,

"Then save our lives, it shall be paid."

There is also a judicious transposition, for in the older play the question of the other prisoners interrupts the dialogue between Suffolk and Walter Whitmore.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaimed a coward through the world![1]

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

[1] Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole?

Cap. Pool? Sir Pool? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,[1]
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France ;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;

[1] Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk; I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene II.—Blackheath

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy

vocation: which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,[1]—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number*

Cade. We[2] John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[3]

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, in-

[1] Robin the sadler.

[2] 'I' and 'my' changed to 'we' and 'our;' 'our supposed father' for 'my valiancie.'

[3] Sprats.

spired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,[1]—

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

[1] My mother came of the Brases.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be),—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.[1] How now, who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene.

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*]—Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and Forces*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom,
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund[1] Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

[1] Roger.

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. —Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,

and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hanged up for example at their doors.—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men: 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Another Part of Blackheath

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords *are slain*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter King Henry, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* Buckingham, *and Lord* Say, *with him: at a distance, Queen* Margaret, *mourning over* Suffolk's *head*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes[1];
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

[1] My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. [*To Lord* SAY.] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower

Enter Lord SCALES, *and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have essayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Same. Cannon Street

Enter Jack Cade *and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London Stone*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—The Same. Smithfield

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade *and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* Matthew Goffe. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* Matthew Goffe *is slain*

Cade. So, Sirs.—Now go home and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other

books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
Because my book preferred me to the king;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words;

but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY *and his Son-in-law*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark

Alarum. Enter CADE *and all his Rabblement*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offered you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.[1]

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade.[2] What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at

[1] If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haste to France that our forefathers won,
And win again that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seek your country's overthrow.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

[2] Cade's speech is in the old play:
Why, how now, will you forsake your general,
And ancient freedom which you have possest?
To bend your necks under their servile yokes
Who, if you stir, will straightways hang you up.
In Clifford's next speech the only argument was that the king was merciful.

the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me,—I will make shift for one, and so, —God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishéd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—"Villiago!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—Kenilworth Castle

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerset, *on the Terrace of the Castle*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter below, a number of Cade's *Followers, with halters about their necks*

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértiséd,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship, that, having scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed and boarded with a pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—Kent. Iden's Garden

Enter Cade

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but

now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants, behind*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiléd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleaséd from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a

thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men; and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famished man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,[1]
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

[1] The old text has for this line and the lines following:—
Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine, and every way as big, then hand to hand I 'll combat thee. Sirrah, fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damnéd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels[1]
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt* IDEN, *dragging out the body, and Servants.*

[1] The closing lines only amplify the words of the old play:—
I'll drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and bear it. . . . [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong[1]—

[1] But, York, dissemble till thou meet thy sons
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be.

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art Thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou called, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham ! Somerset comes with the queen :
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now ! is Somerset at liberty ?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?
King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son*

See, where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor : let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey :
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs :
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces*

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapped his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renownéd duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her customed right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices.

Rich. Fie ! charity ! for shame ! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.—Saint Albans

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed. [*Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will![1]

[*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

[1] Of this passage between Clifford and York the motive is changed, in re-writing, from simple hate to the respect of generous enemies towards each other.

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—[*Seeing his father's body.*]
O, let the vile world end,
And the premiséd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of adviséd age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turned to stone: and while 't is mine,
It shall be stony.[1] York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

[1] The rest of this speech is much elaborated from the early text.

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting.* SOMERSET *is killed*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly;[1]
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopped.

Enter Young CLIFFORD

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

[1] In the old play there are three lines of the Queen's and three of the King's, both of one mind, to fly to London and there summon a Parliament.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Agéd contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;

And it hath pleased Him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternised in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 29. **A whole fifteenth**—*i.e.* The fifteenth part of all the movables or personal property of every subject. In Act V., sc. 5, p. 149 of Part I., King Henry empowers Suffolk: "For your expenses and sufficient charge, among the people gather up a tenth." Holinshed confirms the '*fifteenth*' here mentioned: "For the fetching of her the Marquesse of Suffolke demanded *a whole fifteenth* in open parliament."

I. i. p. 32. **Brother York, thy acts in Ireland.**—York was brother-in-law to Salisbury by his wife Cicely, daughter of Westmoreland. Salisbury was Westmoreland's son by his second wife. The '*acts in Ireland*' refers to the suppression of the Irish rebellion, accomplished by York in 1448—historically three years later than the events with which it is here associated.

I. i. p. 34. **The fatal brand Althea burned.**—Althea, the mother of Meleager, Prince of Calydon. Meleager died in torture when Althea cast into the fire the 'fatal brand' upon the preservation of which his life depended.

I. iii. p. 41. **In the quill.**—An idiomatic expression meaning 'all together in a body.' In Ainsworth's *Latin Dictionary*, 1761, the phrase is shown to mean 'acting in concert,' and is translated by *ex compacto agunt*; while in a ballad called *The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic*, in the Roxburghe Collection, there is found a couplet containing this same expression:—

> "Thus those females were all in a quill,
> And following on their pastime still."

I. iii. p. 45. **Two dukedoms.**—Anjou and Maine, ceded to Reignier on the marriage of Margaret with Henry.

I. iii. p. 50. **By these ten bones.**—By my ten fingers. An old form of oath.

I. iv. p. 55. **Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.**—'I say that thou, descendant of Æacus, the Romans can conquer.' This was the ambiguous answer of the oracle of Delphi to Pyrrhus before his invasion of Italy; a prediction that can be taken as favourable or otherwise.

I. iv. p. 55. **Hardly attained.**—The indication of Asmath's dislike to stay and be questioned is consistent with the belief that spirits, raised by incantations, remained unwillingly, and answered questions reluctantly, impatient to be gone.

II. i. p. 56. **Old Joan had not gave out.**—The falcon named '*Joan*' would not have taken flight at the game.

II. i. p. 57. **How think you by that?**—'What do you think on that subject?'

II. i. p. 57. **Tantæne animus cœlestibus iræ.**—'Are such angry passions found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15.) By a slight perversion of the literal translation Gloucester means "the minds of *divines*."

II. i. p. 64. **Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.**—Sir Thomas More has recorded this incident, as related to him by his father, and in very similar words to those occurring in the text.

II. ii. p. 68. **This Edmund, &c.**—There are two errors here; the first occurs in *Holinshed*, who confuses Edmund Mortimer, the fifth Earl of March (the heir of Richard II., by the King's own proclamation in 1385), with Sir Edmund Mortimer, his uncle, who was defeated and captured by Glendower, but who subsequently married his captor's daughter. Sir Edmund Mortimer is further confused with Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, another prisoner of Glendower's, who, according to both Holinshed and Hall, was kept in captivity until his death.

II. iii. p. 74. **Bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it.**—According to the old laws of duelling, knights were to fight with sword and lance; and those of inferior rank, with an ebon staff or baton, to the end of which was fixed a bag tightly filled with sand. An early

mention of the practice occurs in St. Chrysostom's writings, and Butler refers to it in *Hudibras*.

II. iii. p. 76. **By his death we do perceive his guilt.**—The death of the defeated combatant in trial by combat was regarded as conclusive evidence of his guilt.

II. iv. p. 78. **With papers on my back.**—Criminals were sometimes made to wear papers on their backs, inscribed with their crimes.

II. iv. p. 80. **The world may laugh again.**—*Laugh* = smile. 'Worldly fortune may again wear a favourable aspect to us.'

III. i. p. 98. **A wild Morisco.**—A dancer in a morris-dance, originally called a *morisco* or Moorish dance. The old English morris-dancers wore bells attached to their knees and arms, shaking them and making wild gesticulations as they performed the Oriental figures of the dance.

III. ii. p. 101. **Nell.**—The author here uses the abbreviation of the Duchess of Gloucester's name in error for Margaret, possibly '*Meg*' (Capell); and in three later instances in the same scene (pp. 103, 104, and 105) "*Eleanor*" is written instead of "Margaret," as though the playwright mentally confused the two characters.

III. ii. p. 107. **A timely-parted ghost.**—The body of one whose death came in the course of nature; in contrast to one whose death was un*timely*, unnatural.

III. ii. p. 115. **Curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan.**—The root of the mandrake or mandragora was believed to grow in the form of a human figure, and to shriek in such a terrible manner when drawn from the earth as to cause madness, or even death. In Bulleine's *Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness* (1575) there is an account of a method whereby the plant may be uprooted without the sacrifice of a human life:—

> "Without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use; therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meanetyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terreble shriek and cry of this Mandrack. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

III. ii. p. 115. **Lizard's stings.**—A fabulous piece of natural history, belonging to the same category of quaint superstitions as the 'mandrake's groan,' and the 'murdering basilisks.'

III. ii. p. 116. **Think upon these by the seal, &c.**—Be constantly reminded, by the fixed impress of the kiss, of the lips ('*these*') through which ('*whom*') a thousand sighs, &c.

IV. i. p. 126. **Half-faced sun.**—The device on the standard of Edward III. Camden in his *Remains* says: "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

IV. i. p. 127. **Bargulus.** — Bardyllis, a pirate who became a prince of Illyria, and was killed in battle by Philip of Macedon. He is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*, II. ii. *The Contention* and the Quartos have "*Abradas, the great Masadonian Pyrate*," an interesting indication of the probability of Greene's authorship, since this allusion occurs in his *Penelope's Web* (see *Introd.*, p. 19, note).

IV. i. p. 127. **Gelidus timor occupat artus.**—'Cold fear seizes on my limbs.'

IV. i. p. 128. **Brutus bastard hand.**—The tradition that Brutus was a bastard son of Julius Cæsar's arose from the fact that his mother, Servilia, became Cæsar's mistress at a later period.

IV. i. p. 128. **Savage islanders, Pompey the Great.**—Plutarch records Pompey's death at the hands of two murderers, Achillas and Septimus. The murder took place at Pelusium, a desolate spot at the mouth of the Nile, sufficiently like an island to give rise to the name '*islanders*,' Achillas being an Egyptian native.

IV. ii. p. 131. **Beggary is valiant.**—A reference to the legal phraseology of Elizabethan Acts of Parliament for the suppression of begging, in which the term 'valiant beggars' was commonly used.

IV. ii. p. 132. **The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops**—*i.e.* For the price of a three-hooped measure of liquor you shall get a quantity requiring a ten-hooped pot.

IV. ii. p. 136. **Span-counter.**—A game in which the object was to throw counters within a span's distance of one already placed.

IV. iii. p. 138. **Lent shall be . . . . a hundred lacking one.**—The Elizabethan parliament passed several Acts prohibiting the sale of flesh-meat during Lent, except by special licence to kill, setting forth the number of animals allowed per week; no doubt the 'hundred lacking one' was a considerable increase on the number usually permitted.

IV. iii. p. 138. **This monument of the victory.**—Holinshed writes: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, appareiled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine set full of guilt nailes."

IV. vi. p. 144. **Set London Bridge on fire.**—Old London Bridge was built of wood, and the houses upon it were burned in the rebellion here described.

IV. vii. p. 144. **Pull down the Savoy.**—The palace of the Duke of Lancaster, which had already been destroyed by Wat Tyler's followers in 1381, during Richard II.'s reign.

IV. vii. p. 144. **The laws of England may come out of your mouth.**—Another reminiscence of Wat Tyler's rebellion: "It was reported, indeed, that he [Wat Tyler] should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the laws of England* should come foorth of his mouth." (Holinshed.)

IV. vii. p. 146. **Thou hast caused printing to be used.**—The invention and introduction of printing is here anticipated by about twenty years.

IV. vii. p. 147. **Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ, &c.**—Cæsar's words, in Golding's translation of *Cæsar's Commentaries* (1565), are: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."

IV. vii. p. 148. **The help of hatchet.**—Farmer proposed to read 'pap with a hatchet,' a proverbial phrase for any rough-and-ready method, applied specifically to execution at the hands of the headsman.

IV. vii. p. 149. **Take up commodities upon our bills.** —'Get goods on credit' (with Cade as the universal creditor); a pun on the other meaning of *bills* = halberds, pikes, the common weapon of English foot-soldiers.

IV. viii. p. 150. **Southwark.**—Mr. Daniel remarks that Cade's men "seem to be on both sides of the river at the same time." Possibly Shakspere adapted Holinshed's description of the battle on London Bridge in July, 1450, when "the Londoners were beaten back to St. Magnus' corner; and suddenly again the rebels were repelled to the stoops in Southwark."

IV. ix. p. 155. **Gallowglasses and stout Kerns.**—In Stanishurst's 'Description of Ireland' is the following account of the two kinds of Irish foot-soldiers alluded to. "The *Gallowglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *Kern* is an ordinary soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good marksmen."

IV. x. p. 158. **Dead as a door-nail.**—The '*nail*' or lump on which the knocker strikes, which, being assailed with repeated strokes, became typical of deadness. The idea of the *degree* of deadness arising from the imagination of a succession of blows, any one of which would be fatal.

V. i. p. 161. **Have I a soul.**—'As I have a soul.'

V. i. p. 162. **Like Ajax Telamonius.**—Ajax, the son of Telamon, who, stricken with madness, slaughtered the sheep of the Grecian camp, taking them to be his foes.

V. i. p. 166. **Achilles' spear.**—Proverbial for its healing power. Telephus was fabled to have been cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear with which he had been wounded.

V. i. p. 167. **To Bedlam with him.**—Bethlehem Hospital was used as a lunatic asylum at this time. Stowe in his *Survay of London*, 1598, says: "Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph is a faire inne for receipt of travellers, . . . founded to have beene a priorie of Cannons, with brethren

and sisters; and King Edwarde the Thirde granted a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Milicæ beatæ Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. *It was a hospital for distracted people.*"

V. i. p. 168. **Two brave bears.** — In allusion to the crest of the Nevils, Earls of Warwick, a bear and a ragged staff.

V. ii. p. 173. **La fin couronne les œuvres.**—A French version of the Latin adage, *Finis coronat opus*,—'The end crowns the work.'

V. ii. p. 173. **They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.**—The account here given of Clifford's death occurs in *The Contention*, but is historically incorrect. The actual circumstances are related in 3 Henry VI., I. i., p. 20 (from *The True Tragedie*):—

> "Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all abreast
> Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in,
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

V. ii. p. 175. **As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.**—When Medea fled from Colchos she murdered Absyrtus, her younger brother, and threw his divided limbs into the sea, that her father, whilst recovering them, might be detained in his pursuit of her.

V. ii. p. 175. **The wizard.**—Bolingbroke, by whose conjuration the spirit warned Somerset to "shun castles."

V. iii. p. 178. **Opposites of such repairing nature.**—'Antagonists so capable of rallying and recovering from this defeat.'

A MAP

Showing the Scene of the Play

GLOSSARY

'A: he. I. iii. p. 41.
Abortive: monstrous. IV. i. p. 125.
Abrook: tolerate. II. iv. p. 77.
Accompt: accounts. IV. ii. p. 133.
Accuse: accusation. III. i. p. 89.
Achieve: attain. V. ii. p. 174.
Act: put in action. V. i. p. 166.
Adder: probably in allusion to Psalm lviii. 4, 'the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear,' the supposed deafness of the adder was proverbial. III. ii. p. 103.
Adsum: I am here. I. iv. p. 53.
Advértisèd: informed. IV. ix. p. 155.
Advice: deliberate consideration. II. ii. p. 70.
Advised: deliberate, sedate. V. ii. p. 174; "are ye ——?" do you understand? II. i. p. 58.
Æolus: the god of the winds. III. ii. p. 104.
Affected: sought. IV. vii. p. 148.
Affiance: trust, confidence. III. i. p. 85.
Affy: betroth. IV. i. p. 126.
Aidance: aid, assistance. III. ii. p. 108.
Alderliefest: most loved. I. i. p. 24.
All: altogether. I. i. p. 33.
Amain: in haste. III. i. p. 95.
An: if. II. i. p. 56.
Anchises: the father of Æneas, borne by his son from the flames of Troy. V. ii. p. 175.
An 't like: if it please. V. i. p. 164.
Approved: proved. III. ii. p. 101.
Argo=*ergo*, therefore. IV. ii. p. 130.
Argues: proves, shows. III. iii. p. 121.
Arms: armorial bearings, coat of arms. IV. i. p. 124.
As: that. II. iv. p. 78.
Ascanius: the son of Æneas, in whose form Cupid appeared to Dido. III. ii. p. 105.
Asmath: Asmodeus, an evil spirit. I. iv. p. 53.
At my beads: at my prayers. I. i. p. 24.
At once: in a word, once for all. III. i. p. 84.
Attainted: convicted of treason. II. iv. p. 79.
Avoid: avaunt, be gone. I. iv. p. 53.
Awful: awe-inspiring. V. i. p. 166.
Awkward: adverse. III. ii p. 103.
Ban: curse, execrate. II. iv. p. 77.
Banditto: outlaw. IV. i. p. 128.
Ban-dogs: fierce dogs kept on chains. I. iv. p. 52.
Bane: ruin. V. i. p. 167.
Basilisk: a fabulous monster, said to have the head of a cock, the wings and tail of a dragon, and power to kill both by its look and breath. III. ii. pp. 102, 115.
Basimecu: a contemptuous epithet. IV. vii. p. 145.
Beard: defy. IV. x. p. 158.
Bear-ward: a keeper of bears. V. i. p. 168.
Beat on: long for, anxiously desire. II. i. p. 57.

Bedlam: a corruption of 'Bethlehem,' a lunatic asylum. V. i. p. 167 (*see* Notes); madman, lunatic. III. i. p. 84; V. i. p. 167.
Beldam: hag. I. iv. p. 54.
Beshrew: a mild oath. III. i. p. 90.
Bestrid: stood astride over (to defend). V. iii. p. 177.
Betime: in good time. III. i. p. 95.
Bezonians: scoundrels. IV. i. p. 128.
Blabbing: tell-tale. IV. i. p. 121.
Blood-consuming: consuming the blood; referring to the old belief that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart. III. ii. p. 103.
Bona terra, mala gens: a good land, a bad people. IV. vii. p. 146.
Bones: fingers. I. iii. p. 50.
Book: learning. IV. vii. p. 147.
Boot: profit, advantage. IV. i. p. 122.
Brave: defy. IV. x. p. 158.
Break up: break open. I. iv. p. 52.
Broker: agent, intermediary. I. ii. p. 40.
Brook: "flying at the ——," a term in falconry for hawking at water-fowl. II. i. p. 56; endure, tolerate. V. i. p. 165.
Brow: aspect. V. iii. p. 177.
Brown bill: a pike or halberd, the ancient weapon of English foot soldiers. IV. x. p. 157.
Brush: wear and tear. V. iii. p. 177.
Bucklers: shields, defends. III. ii. p. 110.
Buckram: a strong linen cloth stiffened with gum. IV. vii. p. 145.
Bucks: soiled linen for washing. IV. ii. p. 131.
Burgonet: helmet. V. i. p. 171.
But: except. II. i. p. 70.
But now: only just now. IV. ix. p. 156.
But that: that one only. II. i. p. 61.
Buz: whisper. I. ii. p. 40.
By: according to. III. i. p. 93.
By-and-by: at once. II. i. p. 63.
Cade: a cask, a small barrel. IV. ii. p. 130.
Cage: prison cell, lock-up. IV. ii. p. 131.
Callat: scold, vixen, jade. I. iii. p. 45.
Calmed: becalmed. IV. ix. p. 155.
Cask: casket. III. ii. p. 119.
Cease: cause to cease. V. ii. p. 174.
Censure: judgment, opinion. I. iii. p. 46.
Censure well: approve. III. i. p. 94.
Chafe: warm. III. ii. p. 106.
Chair-days: period of ease and rest. V. ii. p. 174.
Chaps: jaws, mouth. III. i. p. 93.
Charactered: graven. III. i. p. 95.
Characters: record. I. i. p. 27.
Charm: silence. IV. i. p. 125.
Charneco: a sweet Portuguese wine. II. iii. p. 74.
Checked: reproved, chidden. I. ii. p. 38.
Circuit: crown, diadem. III. i. p. 98.
Circumstance: detail. I. i. p. 27.
Cited: urged. III. ii. p. 113.
Civil'st: most civilised ('*humanissimi*'). IV. vii. p. 147. (*See* Notes.)
Clapped up close: imprisoned. I. iv. p. 54.
Clerkly: scholarly. III. i. p. 89.
Clime: country. III. ii. p. 104.
Clip: embrace. IV. i. p. 122.
Close: retired. II. ii. p. 67; secret. II. iv. p. 79.
Clouted shoon: hobnailed boots. IV. ii. p. 137.
Collect: infer deduce. III. i. p. 83.

Colour: pretext, pretence. III. i. p. 92.
Commandments: "my ten ——," my ten fingers (a cant term). I. iii. p. 48.
Commodities: goods. IV. vii. p. 149.
Companion: fellow (used contemptuously). IV. x. p. 158.
Complot: plot, conspiracy. III. i. p. 88.
Concert: a company of musicians. III. ii. p. 115.
Condition: position. V. i. p. 164.
Conduct: escort. II. iv. p. 81.
Conjurations: incantations. I. ii. p. 40.
Controller: censurer, detractor. III. ii. p. 110.
Convenient: becoming. I. iv. p. 52.
Conventicles: secret gatherings III. i. p. 89.
Corsive: old form of 'corrosive,' here used for 'a pain-causing medicament,' a cauterization. III. ii. p. 119.
Court-hand: the style of writing used in judicial proceedings. IV. ii. p. 133.
Courtship: courtliness. I. iii. p. 43.
Crab-tree: crab-apple tree. III. ii. p. 110.
Cullions: mean wretches. I. iii. p. 43.
Curst: malicious. III. ii. p. 115.
Cypress-tree: having been used in the funeral rites of Romans, these trees were considered of evil omen. III. ii. p. 115.
Deathful: deadly, fatal. III. ii. p. 119.
Deathsman: hangman. III. ii. p. 110.
Dedicate: dedicated. V. ii. p. 174.
Deep-fet: deep fetched. II. iv. p. 78.
Demanding of: enquiring about. II. i. p. 65.
Demean: behave. I. i. p. 32.
Denayed: denied. I. iii. p. 46.
Depart: departure. I. i. p. 22.
Discharge: transfer of troops, or other preliminary arrangements. I. iii. p. 49.
Discoloured: *i.e.* which will be discoloured. IV. i. p. 122.
Discomfit: discouragement. V. ii. p. 176.
Dispense with: obtain dispensation from. V. i. p. 170.
Distract: distraught, distracted. III. ii. p. 115.
Doit: the smallest coin, equal to about half a farthing. III. i. p. 87.
Done to death: killed, put to death. III. ii. p. 112.
Doom: judgment. III. i. p. 94.
Drain: drop, let flow. III. ii. p. 106.
Earnest-gaping: eagerly gazing. III. ii. p. 104.
Easy: slight. III. i. p. 88.
Effected: fulfilled. III. ii. p. 89.
Emblaze: glorify before the world. IV. x. p. 159.
Emmanuel: the name "Emmanuel" or "Jesus" was frequently placed as a heading to letters and public documents as a pious invocation, equivalent to the modern "In the name of God. Amen." IV. ii. p. 133.
Empty: hungry. III. i. p. 93.
Entreat: treat. III. iv. p. 80.
Envious: spiteful. II. iv. p. 77; II. iv. p. 78; malicious. III. i. p. 89.
Erst: ere now, previously. II. iv. p. 77.
Excuse: exonerate. I. iii. p. 49.
Exorcisms: charms for raising spirits. I. iv. p. 51.
Expedient: expeditious. III. i. p. 95.
Fact: deed, crime. I. iii. p. 49.
Fain of climbing: glad to climb. II. i. p. 56.
Familiar: familiar spirit. IV. vii. p. 149.

Far-fet: far-fetched. III. i. p. 95.
Favour: kindness, lenity. IV. vii. p. 147.
Fearful: full of fear. III. i. p. 97; timid. IV. iv. p. 139; cowardly. IV. viii. p. 152.
Fee-simple: absolute ownership. IV. x. p. 157.
Fell-lurking: waiting to do harm. V. i. p. 168.
Fence: skill in fencing. II. i. p. 59.
Fifteens: fifteenths (*see* Note to I. i. p. 29). IV. vii. p. 145.
Flaw: gust of wind, a squall. III. i. p. 98.
Fleet: pass away in succession. II. iv. p. 76.
Flower-de-luce: white lilies, the emblem of France. V. i. p. 161.
Fond: foolish. III. i. p. 83.
Foot-cloth: the "housings" of the mule, a long embroidered cloth hanging from under the saddle and reaching down to the ground. IV. i. p. 124; IV. vii. p. 146.
For: because. II. iii. p. 71; on account of. IV. vii. p. 90.
Forsooth: certainly. III. ii. p. 109.
Forthcoming: in custody. II. i. p. 65.
Frame: bring about. III. i. p. 84.
Fretful: gnawing. III. ii. p. 119.
From: away from. II. ii. p. 119.
Furniture: equipment. I. iii. p. 49.
Furred pack: a hide wallet with the hair outside. IV. ii. p. 131.
Gallowglasses: Irish foot-soldiers armed with pole-axes. IV. ix. p. 155. (*See* Notes.)
Gather head: assemble. IV. v. p. 143.
Gathered: assembled. IV. vi. p. 134.
Gear: business. I. iv. p. 52; matter. III. i. p. 86.
George: "my ——"; the badge of the Order of the Garter. IV. i. p. 123.
Ghost: dead body. III. ii. p. 107. (*See* Notes.)
Girt: invest. I. i. p. 26.
Given out: given up. IV. viii. p. 152.
Gnarling: snarling, growling. III. i. p. 90.
Go: "let him ——," forget him. II. iii. p. 73.
Go about: try. II. i. p. 63.
Gobbets: mouthfuls (alluding to his numerous massacres of fellow countrymen). IV. i. p. 126.
Graceless: impious. IV. iv. p. 141.
Graft: grafted. III. ii. p. 110.
Groat: a silver fourpenny-piece formerly current in England. III. i. p. 87.
Guerdoned: rewarded. I. iv. p. 54.
Hallowed: charmed. I. iv. p. 52.
Hammering: pondering. I. ii. p. 38.
Hap: fortune. III. i. p. 96.
Haply: perhaps. III. i. p. 93.
Happily: haply. III. i. p. 96.
Hardly: with difficulty. I. iv. p. 55.
Have at him: hit him. IV. ii. p. 134.
Hempen caudle: a hangman's rope. IV. vii. p. 148.
Henry: (trisyllabic). III. ii. p. 106.
Her: its. II. iii. p. 73.
Hinds: peasants. III. ii. p. 113; IV. ii. p. 134.
Holden: held. II. iv. p. 79.
Hose and doublets: *i.e.* without a cloak. IV. vii. p. 146.
Household: family. V. i. p. 171.
Housekeeping: keeping open house, hospitality. I. i. p. 32.
Ill-nurtured: ill-bred. I. ii. p. 37.
Images: (dissyllabic). I. iii. p. 44.
Imprimis: in the first place, firstly. I. i. p. 24.
Impugns: opposes. III. i. p. 94.

In: into. III. ii. p. 114.
In capite: in chief, an immediate tenure of the sovereign as feudal lord. IV. vii. p. 149.
Inch: "at an ——," in the nick of time. I. iv. p. 54.
Indigested: shapeless. V. i. p. 169.
Infortunate: unfortunate. IV. ix. p. 155.
Injurious: insolent. I. iv. p. 54.
Instance: evidence, proof. III. ii. p. 107.
Invitis nubibus: in spite of the clouds. IV. i. p. 126.
Iris: a messenger of Juno. III. ii. p. 119.
Item: also, likewise. I. i. p. 25.
Jaded: contemptible. IV. i. p. 124.
Jades: dragons. IV. i. p. 122.
Jar: discord. IV. viii. p. 152.
Joy: enjoy. III. ii. p. 117.
Ken: discern. III. ii. p. 104.
Kennel: gutter. IV. i. p. 125.
Kerns: Irish foot-soldiers. III. i. pp. 96, 98; IV. ix. p. 155. (*See* Notes.)
Killingworth: Kenilworth. IV. iv. p. 141.
Kinder: more suitable, more natural. I. i. p. 23.
Laid: set with traps or ambushes. IV. x. p. 156.
Large style: long list of titles. I. i. p. 28.
Lay: wager. V. ii. p. 173.
Leave: cease, leave off. II. i. p. 65; III. ii. p. 116.
Lewdly: wickedly. II. i. p. 65.
Liefest: dearest. III. i. p. 89.
Light: descend. I. iii. p. 45.
Like: likelihood. III. i. p. 99; please. II. i. p. 56.
Limed: daubed with bird-lime (to ensnare). I. iii. p. 45.
Lime-twigs: twigs smeared with lime for catching birds. III. iii. p. 120.
Listen after: seek information about. I. iii. p. 48.
Loather: more unwilling. III. ii. p. 117.
Lodged: beaten down, laid low. III. ii. p. 108.
London Stone: an ancient landmark in Cannon St., London. IV. vi. p. 143.
Lordings: lordlings, petty lords. I. i. p. 29.
Madding: being driven mad with love. III. ii. p. 105.
Mailed up in shame: wrapped up in disgrace. II. iv. p. 78.
Main: main chance. I. i. p. 33.
Mained: maimed, quibbling on '*Maine.*' IV. ii. p. 136.
Make: draw up. IV. ii. 133.
Make shift for one: look after myself. IV. viii. p. 152.
Mates: checkmates. III. i. p. 94.
Mechanical: mechanic. I. iii. p. 50.
Medice, teipsum: 'physician (heal) thyself.' II. i. p. 59.
Mercy: "I cry you ——," I ask your pardon. I. iii. 47.
Mickle: much. V. i. p. 169.
Minion: impudent person. I. iii. p. 47.
Minister: instrument. III. i. p. 98.
Miscarry: die, perish. IV. viii. p. 152.
Misdoubt: hesitation. III. i. p. 97.
Monuments: mementoes. III. ii. p. 116.
Morisco: morris-dancer. III. i. p. 98. (*See* Notes.)
Mort Dieu: God's Death—a common form of oath. I. i. p. 28.
Muse: wonder. III. i. p. 82.
Numbers: "factious —— "; bands of seditious retainers. II. i. p. 58.
Obligations: contracts, bonds. IV. ii. p. 133.
Obsequies: shows of love. III. ii. p. 107.
Occasion: the putting forth of his strength. V. iii. p. 177.
Omitting: leaving unregarded. III. ii. p. 118.
Opposite: froward. III. ii. p. 112.

Opposites: opponents, adversaries. V. iii. p. 178.
Order: "take ——"; make arrangements. III. i. p. 96; "hear the ——," hear the account. III. ii. p. 106.
Overblown: appeased. I. iii. p. 48.
Packing: away. III. i. p. 97.
Palmer's: pilgrim's. V. i. p. 166.
Palsy: paralysis. IV. vii. p. 148.
Paly: pale. III. ii. p. 106.
Particularities: particular or private interests. V. ii. p. 174.
Pass: care for, regard. IV. ii. p. 135.
Period: end. III. i. p. 88.
Perish: destroy. III. ii. p. 104.
Pitch: height (the highest point of a hawk's flight). II. i. p. 56.
Plainness: frankness. I. i. p. 32.
Plot: plot of ground, spot. II. ii. p. 69.
Point: immediate observation of the game and preparation to pounce upon it. II. i. p. 56.
Pointing-stock: object of ridicule, butt. II. iv. p. 78.
Porpentine: porcupine. III. i. p. 98.
Port: deportment. IV. i. p. 122.
Posted over: slurred over. III. i. p. 93.
Power: army. IV. iv. p. 141.
Practice: plotting, stratagem. III. ii. p. 101.
Practised: plotted. II. i. p. 65.
Preferred: recommended. IV. vii. p. 147.
Premiséd: sent before the time. V. ii. p. 174.
Presence: presents. IV. vii. p. 145.
Presently: immediately. II. i. p. 63; III. ii. p. 100.
Pretty-vaulting: gently tossing. III. ii. p. 104.
Private: secret. II. ii. p. 69.
Procurator: substitute. I. i. p. 22.
Proof: used quibblingly in the double sense of 'threadbare' and 'able to resist.' IV. ii. p. 132.
Proper: handsome. IV. ii. p. 133.
Pursuivant: one belonging to the lowest order of heraldry. I. iii. p. 43.
Puttock's: kite's. III. ii. p. 109.
Quaint: fine ingenious. III. ii. p. 113.
Quill: all together, in a body. I. iii. p. 41. (*See* Notes.)
Quillets: subtleties, quibbles. III. i. p. 93.
Quitting: acquitting, freeing. III. ii. p. 110.
Racked: oppressed by exactions. I. iii. p. 47.
Rascal: rascally. II. iv. p. 78; "—— people," the mob (as distinguished from the respectable citizens). IV. iv. p. 141.
Raught: reached, gained. II. iii. p. 73.
Razing: erasing. I. i. p. 27.
Reave: deprive. V. i. p. 170.
Remorseful: compassionate (*i.e.* because of the exposure of the crime by the day's light). IV. i. p. 121.
Repeal: recall. III. ii. p. 116.
Reprove: disprove. III. i. p. 83.
Repute: consider. V. i. p. 169.
Reputing of: boasting of. III. i. p. 84.
Respecting: considering. III. i. p. 83.
Revolt: turn back. IV. ii. p. 135.
Right now: just now. III. ii. p. 102.
Roast: "rules the ——," is the master-mind. I. i. p. 28.
Rude: ill-mannered. III. ii. p. 103.
Ruder: less refined. I. i. p. 24.
Sack: a dry Spanish wine. II. iii. p. 74.
Sallet: salad. IV. x. p. 157; helmet. IV. x. p. 157. (Cade plays upon the word.)
Sancta majestas: sacred majesty. V. i. p. 161.
Savoy: the palace of the Duke of Lancaster. IV. vii. p. 144. (*See* Notes.)
Saws: maxims. I. iii. p. 44.
Say: serge. IV. vii. p. 145.

Scath: harm, injury. II. iv. p. 79.
Score: a notch made on the tally. IV. vii. p. 146.
Seemeth: "me ——," it seems to me. III. i. p. 83.
Sennet: a blast on the trumpets. From Fr. *signet*, and Lat. *signum*, a sign, used in the stage directions as a signal of arrival and departure. III. i. p. 82.
Shearman: tailor. IV. ii. p. 135.
Shrewd: grievous. II. iii. p. 73.
Sicil: Sicily. I. i. p. 22.
Silent: silence. I. iv. p. 52.
Silly: helpless. I. i. p. 83.
Since: when. III. i. p. 82.
Sir: a courtesy title. I. ii. p. 39.
Skills: matters. III. i. p. 94.
Slough: a (cast) snake's skin. III. i. p. 92.
Smart: painful. III. ii. p. 115.
Smooth: bland, fawning. III. i. p. 84.
Smoothing: flattering. I. i. p. 30.
Smooth'st: flatterest. II. i. p. 57.
So: if only. V. i. p. 163.
Sometime: sometimes. II. iv. p. 78.
Sophister: quibbling disputant. V. i. p. 170.
Sort: set. II. i. p. 65; III. ii. p. 113; adapt, conform. II. iv. p. 79; turn out. I. ii. p. 41.
Splitting: shipwrecking. III. ii. p. 104.
Sprays: small branches. II. iii. p. 73.
Starved: insensible from cold (the original meaning of the word *starve*). III. i. p. 99.
State: estate. IV. x. p. 157.
Stays: ceases. II. iv. p. 80.
Stigmatic: one branded by nature with deformity. V. i. p. 171.
Still: incessantly. III. i. p. 92.
Stomachs: quarrelsome tempers. II. i. p. 59.
Strait: strict, rigorous. III. ii. p. 112.
Straiter: more harshly. III. ii. p. 101.
Stray: vagrant. IV. x. p. 157.
Subornation: instigation to crime. III. i. p. 84.
Subscribe: submit. III. i. p. 83.
Suffered: suffered to remain. III. ii. p. 112; allowed to have his way. V. i. p. 168.
Sufficeth: it is sufficient. IV. x. p. 157.
Suffocate: suffocated. I. i. p. 28.
Suspect: suspicion. III. i. p. 88.
Swallowing: "for ——," 'that it may not swallow.' IV. i. p. 125.
Sweet: eloquent. IV. i. p. 128.
Sworder: gladiator. IV. i. p. 128.
Sylla: Sulla, the famous Roman warrior and dictator, and rival of Marius. IV. i. p. 126.
Tainture: defilement. II. i. p. 65.
Take my death: 'take it upon my death,' a solemn oath. II. iii. p. 75.
Tally: the stick on which the score was kept by notching (*Cf. Score*). IV. vii. p. 146.
Temper: moisten. III. i. p. 96.
Tender: regard. III. i. p. 94.
That: would that. I. iv. p. 53; so that. III. i. p. 82.
Thorough: through. IV. i. p. 126.
Threat'st: useth threats. I. iv. p. 54.
Tickle: ticklish, unstable, uncertain. I. i. p. 33.
Tickled: annoyed. I. iii. p. 48.
Timeless: untimely. III. ii. p. 109.
To: compared with. III. i. p. 84.
Treasury: treasure. I. iii. p. 47.
Trencher: a wooden plate or dish. IV. i. p. 124.
Trow'st: thinkest. II. iv. p. 78.
Tully: Cicero. IV. i. p. 128.
Twit: twitted. III. i. p. 89.
Two-hand sword: long sword. II. i. p. 58.
Uncivil: barbarous. III. i. p. 96.

Uneath: with difficulty. II. iv. p. 76.
Unmeet: "most ——," most unfitted. I. iii. p. 49.
Up: open. I. iv. p. 52.
Vantages: pecuniary benefit. I. i. p. 29.
Verge: circle. I. iv. p. 52.
Villiago: base coward. IV. viii. p. 152.
Voiding lobby: private antechamber. IV. i. p. 125.
Walter: pronounced 'Water.' IV. i. p. 123.
Waning: loss. IV. x. p. 157.
Ward: custody. V. i. p. 166.
Waxen: grown. III. ii. p. 103.
Well given: well disposed. III. i. p. 85.
What: who. III. i. p. 87; whatever. III. i. p. 88.
Where: whereas. III. ii. p. 118.
Whileas: while. I. i. p. 33.
White Hart: a tavern in Southwark in which Cade lodged. (A play upon white heart = cowardly.) IV. viii. p. 152.
Who: he who. IV. viii. p. 151.
Whom: which. III. ii. p. 116.
Wink: shut your eyes. II. i. p. 62.
With: "I am —— you," I not only understand but agree. II. i. p. 58.
Woe: sorrowful. III. ii. p. 103.
World: "the ——" worldly fortune. II. iv. p. 80.
Worn: forgotten. II. iv. p. 79.
Worse bested: in worse plight. II. iii. p. 73.
Worthy: deserving of. III. i. p. 85.
Would: desires, wishes. II. iii. p. 72.
Wrest: distort. III. i. p. 90.
Wrested: stole. III. i. p. 87.
Y-clad: clad. I. i. p. 24.
Yet: even then. II. iv. p. 79.

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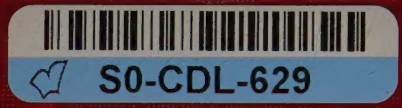
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